

The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE · QVASI · SEMPER · VICTVRVS · VIVE · QVASI · CRAS · MORITVRVS ·

VOL. XLII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 23, 1909.

No. 16.

Jeanne d'Arc.

OTTO A. SCHMID, '09.

THIS day, O saintly maid of Rouen's pyre,
Thy suffering France cries out for thee again!
No British soldiers waste the Frankish plain,
No foreign bayonets or swords require
A savior now for France—but souls desire
To rise to break the galling bondman's chain
Of atheistic rule, beneath whose bane
All saving Faith and Hope and Love expire.

The soul of France is aching for the day
When liberty again shall reign supreme.
The Church of God is hunted down anew;
But, like the truth, she'll rise, once more she'll sway
A faithful France. Jeanne d'Arc, then shall thy dream
Of pure and spotless Fleur-de-Lis come true.

Sophocles.

JOHN J. KENNEDY, '09.



THE classic period of Athens was at hand. The city of heroes, poets, painters, philosophers, statesmen and sculptors, had reached its zenith. Pericles had materialized his ideals and Athens was a great university of learning. In military affairs she was acknowledged by all nations supreme, and now she was proving her superiority in art, music and literature. The world sat at her feet and basked in her erudition. Such was Athens when Sophocles came into prominence.

He was born in the year 495 B. C. at a

small village about one mile north of Athens (Colonus by name) and his portrayal of this hamlet in "Œdipus at Colonus" is one of the most beautiful and vivid scenic descriptions ever written. Little is known of his parents, but his father surely was a man of means, for Sophocles received a complete liberal education, and his high intellectual gifts were cultivated and refined by careful instruction in the arts of poetry and music. Living as he did in the age of scholars he can indeed be said to have drunk deeply at the font of knowledge. Inspired with the philosophical ideas of truth and beauty laid down by Plato, inspirited by the adventurous writings of Homer, and thrilled by the vast pile of architecture which was beautified by the paintings of Panæus and the sculpture of Phidias, he developed into manhood.

Sophocles was introduced into prominence young; at the age of sixteen he was selected to lead the choral dance around the altar raised in honor of the victory of Salamis on account of his exquisite grace and beauty. From this time on he devoted all his energies to the drama, and at the early age of twenty-six defeated Æschylus in a rival contest of tragedies. The judges at this dramatic tournament were Cinon and nine other generals who had just returned victorious from the Island of Samos bearing with them the bones of Theseus which were to serve as a talisman against any plague or pestilence. They unanimously awarded the prize to Sophocles. This was a notable victory. For a practically obscure young man in his first public literary attempt to defeat the mighty Æschylus, was too much for the Father of Tragedy, and he fled to the court of Hiero at Syracuse. The reputation of Sophocles

had been made in one day, and spurred on by such a conquest he continued for over sixty years submitting tragedies to the Athenian stage. He usually took the first prize, and though sometimes defeated by a rival, his dramas were never relegated to third place in the contests. Age seemed only to have matured the genius of this remarkable man. It is related that in his eightieth year his son attempted to gain control of his father's property on the plea that the old man was in his dotage and incapable. In defense of his full sanity and competence, Sophocles merely referred the judges to a description in the "*Œdipus at Colonus*" referred to above, and which he had just composed. The judges not only dismissed him, but conducted him in triumph to his house. So virile was this man's stylus and so creative his mind that he is credited with having written over one hundred tragedies, of which only seven, however, have come down to us intact. They are: "*Œdipus Tyrannus*," "*Œdipus at Colonus*," "*The Death of Ajax*," "*Antigone*," "*The Maidens of Tharchis*," "*Philoctetes*, and *Elestra*."

The wonderful mechanism and scenic effect introduced on the Athenian stage after *Æschylus* were due to the ingenuity of Sophocles. He raised the number of actors from two to three and attired them in splendid robes and costumes; he also intensified the illusion on the stage by painted scenery and other arrangements. The chorus was also increased, and a new form and spirit which accompanied its odes was created by him. The effect of this music on the Greeks was marvelous. Being a temperamental people they were passionately fond of the strains of the lyre, and feelings of emotion could be conveyed to them through such a medium nearly as easily as through the human voice. It was the custom of the authors of tragedies to take part in the production, but the weak voice of Sophocles prohibited him from doing this. But he was a skilled musician and won hearty applause from the audience for his wonderful execution on the lyre. All his work on the stage was done out of pure love for his art, for he received no pay for his labor except the crown of wild olive, so eagerly sought after by the Athenians. No gentleman would degrade his profession to the level of a

trade by accepting money. The lessees of the theatre received the two obols paid by each person for admission to the dramas, and this was used to pay the expenses of scenery and decorations, and to pay the actors. The poet had inherited an income from his father which kept him independent.

Besides being a poet, Sophocles, like every true Athenian of his time, was a statesman, and played his rôle on the stage of political life at Athens. Though little has come down to us concerning his achievement in this capacity, we can easily imagine what an influence such a man of genius must have had over the people. Athens had a wholesome respect for him; he was popular everywhere. When he entered and left the theatre he was greeted with wild shouts of applause; even the iconoclastic *Aristophanes* could find nothing about him to ridicule as he did in the persons of *Æschylus*, *Euripides* and the other notables of that time, but on the contrary terms him "a good easy man." He was a personal friend of the great statesman *Pericles*, and served as a general in the Samian War (440-439 B. C.) under him. But public life of strife and turmoil, which war and politics imply, did not appeal to the tender and poetic soul of Sophocles, and he willingly sacrificed the honors of a statesman for the joys and comforts, peace and quiet of his country home at Colonus, "where," says *Collins*, "like *Pope* on his lawn at *Twickenham*, like *Wordsworth* in the solitude of *Crasmere* or—to use a more classical illustration—like *Horace* at his *Sabine farm*, he was free to follow the bent of his genius, and to draw from nature her purest and most perfect picture of Greek landscape."

The success of Sophocles is due to his deep study of human nature. The credulous warriors of the days of *Æschylus* had developed into intelligent scholars ardent in the pursuit of knowledge. The Greek mind had expanded wonderfully. The seas were opened, commerce increased, men traveled, saw and formed new ideas. Perceiving this change Sophocles branched out from the beaten track of tragedy and created new forces and elements in his plays. The plot of *Prometheus Bound* was too simple; Sophocles composed tragedies more intricate. *Æschylus* wrote about a primitive

world where gods and Titans fought for the mastery; and dominated by mysterious powers of nature which were personified into deities. Sophocles is more human, though the superhuman ultimately plays an important rôle in his plays. His characters were ideal, but somewhat prone, nevertheless, to human weakness, and these personages resisting the gods and their decrees, the play was worked out on the theory of Fatalism. He realized sin, retribution, and responsibility as no other ancient did, and used them all to good effect. "Probably the most striking feature of his compositions is the freedom from anything approaching licentiousness and his deep belief in the dogmas of natural religion."

So skilled was this man in weaving plots and so sublime in delineating character that up to the present time he has never been excelled as a tragic writer, with the possible exception of William Shakespeare. He was the first author to introduce youthful lovers into a play; this is exemplified by *Antigone* and *Hæmon*. The modern doctrine of anarchy, as it is called, which in our day is making quite a stir in the political sphere, is nothing more than the anarchy spoken of in the *Antigone*, line 673, where Creon says: "There is no greater evil than anarchy." Sophocles purposely shortened the odes of the chorus because he realized that they did not fit into the play; and, on the other hand, he made dramatic interest supreme, and the very thought embodied in his plays is moulded in dramatic shape. Exact balance of matter and form is one of the many perfections we meet in Sophocles.

The three best plays of Sophocles extant are *Œdipus Tyrannus*, *Œdipus at Colonus* and *Antigone*. These plays can be appreciated and are marveled at almost as much in our own day as they were in the Athenian theatre. In these tragedies it is clearly demonstrated to what extent Sophocles developed the religious aspect of the drama, and no true Athenian could have witnessed these productions without feeling his emotions aroused, and his heart throbbing within him; then when he was worked up to an almost overpowering pitch, the sweet strains of the chorus would break forth and lull him back to his normal self. If these plays can even arouse our interest whose

religious and social beliefs are so opposed to those of the Athenians, it is not difficult to imagine the joy and sorrow, love and hate, that alternately possessed the souls of those witnessing these exquisite performances. Sophocles' plays please us because they live, are well constructed, and everything fits into its place; they pleased the Greeks because they exemplified their ideals in religious, social and political life.

After ninety years of worthy labor, "the prince of poets of his time" died honored and beloved by his fellowmen. The manner of death is not known with certainty. One writer claims that joy at being crowned the tragic victor in spite of his old age caused his death. Another says it was caused by excessive exertion in reciting a long paragraph from the *Antigone*. Sacrifices were offered to his name by the whole city, and a bronze statue was erected to his memory; but long after the statue had crumbled, his memory and works have lived on, and through ages yet to come will that memory live, the memory of the most perfect tragic poet of Greece.

The N. D. Five.

GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, '10.

YOU may sing of heroes peerless,
Men at all times brave and fearless;
You may shout for those who've courted fame on
diamond, field or track,
But you'll have to quit your crowing,
For we've got the best a-going,
They're the five just come from Dixie with the spoils
of their attack.

They have torn the West asunder,
And their coming was like thunder,
As they swept the Mississippi from its source unto
its mouth.
They have won their reputation
As the "only" in creation,
For they've crushed the Tiger Lilies of the hero-
bearing South.

Start the band, hit up the singing,
Let the echoes ne'er cease ringing,
Put some "pep" into shouting, root for them with
N. D. zest;
Rise up, all ye men of knowledge,
Sound the glories of your college
That has sent this wondrous five to take the palms
from South and West.

Silent Influences.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

EACH loving deed that fills the day,
Those little things that clear life's way,
The while we struggle in the fray;
The gentle word by which we seek
To cheer the sad and aid the weak,
Wakes other tongues that sweeter speak
Within the souls of men.

The throbbing poems whose echo clings
About the heart and daily brings
Sweet joy to whom the poet sings;
The songs we deem beyond compare
Are not so sweet nor half so fair
As are the echoes that they bear
Within the souls of men.

Though life may mete us doubt and pain,
Though we may seem to give in vain
The product of our heart and brain;
Remember when life's race is o'er,
Your last reward will be the more
By the good influence you bore
Within the souls of men.

Two Marys.

JOHN J. ECKERT, '11.

"You look awfully interested, John. What is the matter? Good news?"

The artist did not answer. He had just received a letter, and its contents seemed to surprise him, for he folded it carefully and stared at the carpet. "Strange, strange!" he murmured, "rather romantic though—I never thought that old fellow had such eccentric ideas. Might be lucky, and then—fame, wealth—"

"Well, for heaven's sake, man, speak up!" the first speaker interrupted impatiently.

"Don't let me sit here all day watching you fall from one ecstasy into another!"

"Oh, excuse me, Walter; I should have told you what this is about. But the luck, the strangeness of the—all right, all right! I will tell you all," the artist quickly continued as he saw the impatience in Mr. Howard's face. "Just imagine, the rich amateur, Mr. Burton, wrote to me—and you understand what that means for a poor fellow like myself. He tells me that he heard of my pictures, and mentions his

good will to become my 'patron,' if—yes, if—and here he makes the strangest condition. I'll read it to you. 'As I remarked before, your pictures and those of Mr. George Lockhart who at present is traveling in the West, please me exceptionally well. I now offer the following proposal: Both of you paint a picture. I give you just four weeks. My daughter shall criticise your work. And now, Mr. Davies, mark this: the artist whose painting she shall favor can ever and always count on me.' Well, Walter, what do you think of it?"

Howard followed with half-closed eyes the smoke of his cigarette and remained silent. Then he looked at the artist and said with a frown:

"I do not see any reason for rejoicing; in fact, the whole story displeases me. That generous old fool wants to bring you into a contest with your 'dear friend,' Lockhart. Now whenever George Lockhart is in the game you get the worst of it. You may be a better artist—as you often told me—but he is too lucky. They say he prays every time before he starts a picture." The words were not lost upon Mr. Davies.

"Yes," he exclaimed irritated; "that fellow is always in my way. Just because we went to the art school together, he thinks to have a right to be intimate. I am tired of it. I'll show him—"

He was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of a young man. His aspect was altogether different from that of the two others—and much to his advantage. He went straightways to Mr. Davies and grasped his hand cordially.

"Good evening, John. You are surprised to see me back? Well, I intended to stay longer, but the West did not agree with me; the artistic atmosphere is lacking, you know, and we artists need that as much as air."

The joy of seeing his old friend again did not let the new-comer notice the discomfiture of Davies. But the latter was well aware that he must say something; so he smiled most kindly as he replied:

"Why, George, you surprised me so much! You—you have met Mr. Howard? Yes, yes, of course you have. But, you see, we were having a hot discussion about some scientific question just as you entered. I am really very glad to see you. I suppose

you have received a letter from Mr. Burton?"

"So I have, John. And Mr. Howard, does he too know about it?" He turned towards the latter with this inquiry, but the question died on his lips as he beheld the angry expression on that gentleman's face.

"John usually has no secrets towards me," Howard ventured with ill-suppressed disfavor. "We are friends—I want you to understand that, Mr. Lockhart."

The man addressed looked up in surprise. He certainly had not meant to offend the guest of his friend.

"But, Mr. Howard, I beg you not to misunderstand—"

"I do not misunderstand you at all," Howard interrupted him roughly. "My friend, Mr. Davies, and I have our opinion of you. We know you only too well. Why did you come here to-night? I suppose to shake hands with your friend, eh? I'll tell you why you came. You want to find out about the picture John is going to paint. I even believe Miss Burton sent you here herself."

Mr. Lockhart stood speechless; he had not expected such a reception. He always knew that Howard had a grudge against him—but such an unjustified accusation—it was too much! For a moment it seemed that he must punish the infamous speaker; but quickly he subdued his anger and said calmly:

"I thought I came to friends when I entered your house. I have travelled day and night; I longed for the moment when I might see you again; I am sorry, sorry. I forgive you your rash words, Mr. Howard. And you, John, are you silent? Ah! I see it in your eyes—you agree with Mr. Howard. But no, it can not be! Tell me that I am mistaken, tell me, John, that I am wrong!"

Davies did not dare meet Lockhart's eye. He looked at the ground, and was silent.

"Then I was right? Ah! how could this happen among artists? Do you not know that we are brothers—children of the same glorious mother—Art? You tell me to go, and I shall do so. You tell me that I came here as a spy; you do not believe that yourselves. Good-bye!"

He had reached the door when he turned.

"Remember, our fair critic's name is—Mary!"

The two looked at each other with visible

signs of relief when Lockhart had gone.

"He will not come again," exclaimed Davies. "But didn't you put it a little too strong? What did he mean by those last words?—kind of mysterious; sounded like an oracle." A contemptuous smile played about the other's lips.

"Pshaw! he just wanted to say something; he felt embarrassed, you know. Her name is Mary. We know Miss Burton's name is Mary. What could he have meant? Nothing! But this gives me an idea, John. How about painting Mary's portrait?" The thought was altogether new to Davies.

"Her portrait!" he exclaimed, "the critic's portrait! Why, of course. Great idea, old boy! Why didn't I think of it myself. It will flatter her; she will decide in my favor! Why, she is only a woman—and I know women."

"I am glad you are pleased with my plan," said Howard in an elated mood. "You know I am famous on account of my shrewd ideas. But if I were you I would begin my preparations as soon as possible; a month is not too much for such a painting. Get a photograph of Miss Burton somewhere, and since you can't have her to pose for you, put a great deal of poetry in her expression; young ladies like that."

It was the feast of the Immaculate Conception—the decisive day for the two artists. Mr. Burton was sitting at his desk in the richly furnished study. One glance at the numerous precious paintings which covered the walls would have sufficed to convince anyone that the old gentleman was a lover of art. Even now he was absorbed in the study of a landscape. The door opened noiselessly and his daughter entered. As she stood there on the threshold in her gown of light blue silk, her beautiful features illumined by the bright morning sun, she seemed to be an apparition—such as the poet or artist might dream of.

"Good morning, Father;" she greeted him with a tender kiss. "The services in church were really magnificent; I never felt so deeply how beautiful this feast is. You see," she continued with a sweet smile, "I am wearing the colors of the Blessed Virgin; I do it in her honor. But, Father dear, I

am going to ask you some questions about that strange contest you mentioned to me last night." Mr. Burton looked at his daughter with love and pride.

"Sit down, child," he addressed her tenderly; "sit down and ask ahead. I shall answer as much as I am permitted."

"Well, first of all, Papa, why did you hesitate almost a whole month before you told me what part I was going to play in the art-trial?"

"You see, dear child, I did not wish to cause you any useless anxiety. It's all right the way it is. I kept both artists away from our house from the day I wrote to them about the matter."

"Yes, I noticed that Mr. Lock—that the two gentlemen did not call at all. The paintings will bear no name, will they, Father?"

"Of course not, child; you must not be influenced by anything. The picture you like best will bring fame and almost a fortune to the artist. Now, you have met both Mr. Lockhart as well as Mr. Davies, but you never saw any of their paintings. Your own taste must be judge."

She was silent for a while; there seemed to be something on her mind she could not express. At last she said with some hesitation:

"But, Father—I—I—well, it is a very delicate proposition for a young girl—like myself. I must necessarily hurt—one of the gentlemen."

"Never mind that," the old man replied with a short laugh. They both know that I arranged the plan. And it is sweeter to receive the blow from a lady's gentle hand than from a stern critic—like myself."

"Dear Father, but I really do not know anything about pictures." It was her last card. She looked at him entreatingly.

"I have spoken!" Mr. Burton laughed. "But I hear Mr. Davies' voice."

Miss Burton was rather ill at ease as she sat in the circle of her friends in the parlor. The young ladies gave their opinions regarding the probable subjects of the two paintings, and they all flattered themselves as knowing a great deal about art. Mary was silent. It was evident that she paid

little attention to the lively conversation.

Mr. Burton came into the parlor and invited his guests to follow him. Mary's heart beat fast as she entered the spacious room where the two interesting pictures had been placed upon exhibition. She saw Lockhart standing at a window; the other artist was speaking to her father. The heavy curtains permitted only a twilight to enter the room. And there stood the paintings, equal in size, a little apart from each other: one was a portrait of Miss Burton, the other an Immaculate Conception. Exclamations of wonder and admiration were to be heard. The ladies grouped about the masterpieces. Soon, however, the Immaculate Conception seemed forgotten—all had turned to Miss Burton's portrait.

Mary stood at some distance, alone. She was very grave now, all color had left her face. And still she had never appeared more beautiful to Lockhart. She seemed to be the angel of justice weighing silently the *pros* and *contras*.

The ladies had stepped aside, suspense and expectation were written on every countenance. All waited for Mary's decision. She turned slowly towards her father and said in a firm voice:

"Father, you ask me to take my choice. Will you act according to my decision?"

Mr. Burton only nodded a silent 'yes.' Then she faced the paintings and continued solemnly:

"Here are two Marys. One represents the Queen of Heaven, Mary Immaculate; the other I recognize to be a likeness of myself. Now, as regards choice of subject, there is, of course, no question, and in so far as I am competent to judge of qualities of art, I would for thought and execution take the picture on the right!"

There was a silence, unbroken—and a pause. But suddenly there came life into the astonished group: every eye turned to the two artists. Which was victor? Davies looked very serious, but not a muscle betrayed his defeat. Lockhart had involuntarily folded his hands, and was gazing upon his picture. Mr. Burton approached him to offer his congratulations.

"I am very, very glad to call you 'my artist,'" he said kindly. "I heard much of your work, but this painting surpasses all

anticipation. And, Mr. Lockhart," he added with a smile, "I am Mary's father, and my eye is sharp enough to detect something of her features in your sublime Madonna. Will you not shake hands with my daughter?"

The artist looked somewhat guilty as he addressed Miss Burton.

"How can I thank you?" he stammered. "It is all so wonderful, so unexpected."

"I felt it was your picture," she said softly. "No one but you could have—" she checked herself in time.

They were interrupted by the guests who pressed Mr. Lockhart on all sides with their congratulations. Everyone was anxious to speak with the famous artist. When the first enthusiasm was over Davies approached him hesitating:

"George, I am ashamed of myself," he began in a trembling voice. "But I do not deserve any pity. You remember how I treated you that night when you came from your journey? I am sorry. I should not have followed Howard's advice, who called himself a friend. George, when I saw your painting to-night the words you spoke as you left us that night came back to my mind: 'Our fair critic's name is Mary.' I see now what you meant. Ah! my friend, you tried to help me, to do me such a favor. You knew Miss Burton's character, and you gave me a hint to paint her patron Saint—the Blessed Virgin. Can you forgive me, George? I am glad you got the decision, for you are a

thousand times worthy of it. And now give me your hand and let us be friends again."

Davies had spoken from his heart; he was in earnest in his repentance. Tears stood in Lockhart's eyes as he replied with emotion:

"You make this day the happiest of my life, John. Ah! you can not understand how glad I am! Let us forget what is past; yes, let us be true friends, and no one will dare to tempt our friendship!"

Mr. Burton had a long talk with Lockhart that night. And when the latter left the study and passed through the parlor he found himself in the presence of Miss Burton.

"I could not let you go, Mr. Lockhart, without having thanked you for having made this day so beautiful for Father and myself."

His heart gave a bound and made it almost impossible for him to answer. How unspeakably charming she was in her simplicity!

"I shall call myself the happiest man on earth if I have beautified one single moment of your life. I am your debtor, Miss Burton." He had so many things to tell her, but could he do it?

She looked at him without answering immediately, and, doubtless, it was something more than gratitude that he read in her eyes.

A Winter Sunrise.

LUCIEN B. COPPINGER, '12.

AS I stood one morning gazing
Out upon the landscape drear,
I saw the sun rise slowly
O'er the woodland brown and sere.

It drove away night's darkness
And filled the world with light,
And changed a night of blackness
To a day so clear and bright.

And so in the lives of many
Some days are dark with care;
But for them a sun will rise
That will make all bright and fair.

Hope.

The snow was thickly coming down,
The sky was low and grey,
And all the earth looked like 'twere dead,
So calm and still it lay.
But in the springtime it will wake,
And once again be gay;
The birds again will sweetly sing;
'Twill be a joyous day.

ROBERT JOHNSON, '12.

Retrospection.

When one's thinking and a-linking
All the thoughts he used to think,
Then one wonders at the blunders
That have forged the biggest link. C. M.

Success.

Success is his who loveth much
 Alike both great and small:
 Defeat is his who loveth least,
 Or never loves at all.

CHAS. C. MILTNER, '11.

A Unique Case.

LEO C. McELROY.

J. Howard Grant sat in his private office in the Security Building, the largest office building in Vallet, reading over a legal document that required his signature. The door opened, an office boy entered and handed him a card.

"Show him in," he said curtly glancing at the name, Mr. Gale Mackay, Pittsburg.

In a moment the caller was ushered in. He was tall and dark, and, from his dress and bearing, was evidently a man of means. He wore a perfectly fitting black Prince Albert coat, gray, striped trousers and patent leather shoes with gray cloth tops. A silk hat and a slender gold-headed walking-stick completed the outward evidence of opulence. That he was a man of business also seemed to be the case from the direct manner in which he proceeded to state his errand. After a formal handshake, he took a proffered chair and said: "Mr. Grant, I have heard of your talent and ability and I wish you to take charge of an important case for me. But first let me give you a retainer," and he drew from an inside pocket a silver monogrammed black Russian leather wallet, from which he produced a check. This had already been filled in for an amount that made Grant gasp in astonishment,—five thousand dollars. He was about to speak when his visitor continued.

"I am the president of the National Smelting and Stamping Co. of Pittsburg, and I came to Vallet this morning in order to see Frederic Hartley on a matter of business. You know Mr. Hartley, no doubt?"

"Indeed, yes," said Grant. "He is one of our wealthiest and most influential citizens."

"Was, but is no longer," contradicted Mackay, for less than a half an hour ago I killed him."

"What! you—you killed him?"

"I must beg of you, Mr. Grant, to be a trifle calmer until I have told you my story. Last evening I received a telegram from Mr. Hartley asking me to come at once to his home as he wished to confer with me on a matter of vital importance. I wired a reply to the effect that I would come at once, and arrived here at 12:10 this noon. Mr. Hartley met me at the station with his motor-car and brought me immediately to his home, refusing to talk a word of business before we had eaten. After a luncheon at his home, at which we were alone, as his wife and daughter were out of town, we retired to his den, and giving orders to the butler that we were on no account to be disturbed, Hartley locked the door.

"He seemed to me to be in a terrible condition of agitation, at which I was highly surprised, as I had always known him to be of a calm, easy-going disposition. Without any preliminary explanations he told me his story. It was, in substance, that he had become involved in a speculative venture, and after having sunk all his ready cash into a stock noted for its fluctuation, he found himself face to face with ruin unless he could procure more money for margins. He had mortgaged his home for all he could get on it. But still the stock went down. He had then appropriated one hundred thousand dollars voted by the directors of his company for the purchase of new furnaces and machinery, and sunk that in the stock too. But the stock went just enough lower to practically exhaust that money, and has remained stationary since then. But for some reason or other at a special meeting of the directors it was decided to defer the purchase of new equipment until some other time, and Hartley found himself situated between the alternatives of replacing the money by to-morrow or facing exposure, disgrace and imprisonment. He asked me to lend him one hundred thousand dollars without security or collateral of any kind.

"Now, Mr. Grant, my own private fortune amounts to several million dollars, but it is so tied up in real estate, bonds, business ventures and other forms of investment, that it was absolutely impossible for me to raise so much cash in the required time. I

told Mr. Hartley that, and the result was astounding. He sprang to his feet, his eyes ablaze with fury. All the color had left his face and his features twisted themselves into such an expression of demoniacal rage as to be terrifying. Picking up a slender steel paper knife from his desk he approached me saying: 'Unless you hand me the cash in one minute, I will take your life. That you have the money, I know. I need it and will have it. I must have it.'

"I knew then that I was dealing with a maniac. I tried to expostulate, but with no avail. I offered to write out a check, but he would not hear of it. He wanted cash. I then decided that there was only one thing left for me to do and that was to make a dash for the door, and try to get out before he could intercept me. I looked toward the door, and he seemed to divine my intention for with a sudden bound he reached it and took the key from it. Then grasping his knife firmly, he advanced toward me. I retreated, thus bringing the heavy oak table between us. Hartley jumped up on the table and walked across the top so that whichever way I moved, he would be able to head me off. I looked about me for a weapon of defense. Just to the right of me was his writing-desk and on it a heavy glass paper weight. I grasped it, and as I did so he made a leap. By quickly stepping to one side I avoided him, and running to the other side of the room, I turned and threw the paper weight with all my strength. It struck him fairly on the left temple and he dropped to the floor as if felled with an ax. Instantly I ran to his side and bent over him. His eyes were open wide and protruding from their sockets. I felt his heart, there was no sign of life. He was dead.

"At first I was on the point of calling for help, but with all the appearances against me I decided rather to seek a good lawyer and tell my story to him as soon as possible, so taking the key from Hartley's pocket where he had placed it, I noiselessly opened the door and shut it after me. My hat was on the hall tree, having been put there by the servant who admitted us. I took it and left the house unobserved.

"Now what would you advise me to do, Mr. Grant? I can not establish a case of

self-defense, unless a jury would believe a story of a man suddenly going insane as I described it to you. The hundred thousand he was known to have, will be gone, and, wealthy as I am, many people will be willing to credit me with the capability of committing murder for the money. All his operations on the stock market were conducted under an assumed name, and through a broker who as long as there is a chance of the stock rising and netting him a large fortune, will remain silent. Everything looks black to me, but I will place all my reliance on you. You can easily see that—"

At this point the door opened and two plainly dressed men entered the room. They stepped quickly to Mackay's side and took him by either arm.

"We want you," said one of them, "come with us, please, and don't make any fuss."

Mackay's face was pale as he rose, but none of his proud bearing and dignity was lacking.

"I suppose you will lock me up for the murder of Frederic Hartley! Very well. I will go with you, only I tell you that it was in self-defense."

"Be still, Mr. Mackay, don't talk about it," shouted Grant springing to his feet, "let me say all there is to be said about the affair. Don't answer any questions unless I am with you."

"Aw rats!" said one of the new-comers, "has he been giving you the murder gag? He's dippy. Escaped from the asylum over in Harpersville this morning, and we were sent after him. Come along, Carnegie, Corey, or whoever you are this time, we need you." And then to Grant as they passed out the door: "So long, Gent; if he gave you a check, you can paste it in your autograph album. That's what all the others did."

January.

FREDERICK CARROLL, '12.

Now sweeps the dismal wind and wintry gale
Over the desert waste all bleak and drear,
Chilling the pulse of life in wood and vale.

Nor sounds disturb, save sighs of woe and fear
That seem to mourn the late departed year.
Now all the world is drear. Yet with the ray
Of April sun sweet life shall reappear.

So does the gloom of this dark mortal fray
Precede the golden dawn of God's eternal day.

Notre Dame Scholastic

Published every Saturday during Term Time at the
University of Notre Dame.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

Terms: \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.
Address: THE EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.
Notre Dame, Indiana

Notre Dame, Indiana, January 23, 1909.

Board of Editors.

IGNATIUS MCNAMEE, '09	RICHARD COLLENTINE, '09
OTTO A. SCHMID, '09	JOHN B. KANALEY, '09
HARRY LEDWIDGE, '09	GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, '10
PETER E. HEBERT, '10	EDWARD P. CLEARY, '09
DENIS A. MORRISON, '10	PAUL R. MARTIN, '10
THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11	JOHN B. MCMAHON, '09
MICHAEL A. MATHIS, '10	JOHN J. ECKERT, '11

—When the Right Reverend Bernard J. McQuaid went to his heavenly reward on the morning of January 18, there passed from earth one of its most

The Death of Bishop McQuaid. picturesque and notable figures. It is not merely the Diocese of Rochester or the

hierarchy of the United States, but the whole Catholic Church that was honored in the virtues and accomplishments of this great prelate. Endowed by God with a strong, keen and honest mind, imbibing virtue with his mother's milk, and breathing wholesomeness in the atmosphere of his home, the Catholic school and the Seminary completed the work of preparation. As a young priest his activities were manifold, aggressive, highly conceived and effectively executed. His ideal of the priesthood touched the highest heights of sublimity of which human nature was capable. A great seminary is the mute but glorious monument that perpetuates the memory of that ideal, and generations of priests, themselves breathing something of his spirit, show how important was the work. Bishop McQuaid was, in the truest sense, an educator. Exact and exacting himself, he was satisfied with no commonplace or second-rate performance. Himself a Spartan, he abominated whatever was weak or sentimental, and, therefore, he was an ideal moulder of men. If he had

imperfections they were those of the strong man, the aspiring man, the epoch-making man. He has passed, but his works remain after him, and he deserves to be ranked in the memory and gratitude of American Catholics among the half dozen great bishops that have labored in our country. To Notre Dame he was a devoted friend, and the University, grateful for his inspiration and appreciation, mourns and prays beside his tomb. *R. I. P.*

—The study of Christian Doctrine is not given consideration proportionate to its importance by very many Catholic students.

This is an unfortunate and rather sweeping statement **The Study of Christian Doctrine.** to make, but, in view of the fact that the strongest defenders of the Faith according to a recent declaration, are men who have never been given the advantage of higher education, it is certainly not too radical. Disregarding the satisfaction a Catholic student can feel in being able to nail a religious lie and the advantage he can have in being able to explain the doctrines of his Church to others, we insist that Dogma and Moral, in their elements at least, should be studied and mastered for their intrinsic worth. To the Catholic mind religion is the basic force which moulds his every act; it is the road to salvation, and salvation is the ultimate object of life. It stands to reason, therefore, that the doctrine taught and the moral conduct prescribed on divine authority by the Church, to which he believes he must belong in order to attain the ultimate purpose of his existence, are not only suitable, but are primarily and absolutely necessary matter for serious study.

—Some time ago, it was reported by the Chicago press that a certain evangelist, E. C. Mercer, during the course of an address to the students

The Number of College-bred Criminals. of Northwestern University had said that seventy-five per cent of the prisoners confined in Sing Sing were college-bred men. The effect of such a statement on a group of students can easily be imagined. A refutation was not long in being brought forth. A man,

evidently interested in the collegian and his affairs, busied himself, and secured a report from the prison named by the evangelist. This report shows that in 1908 the number of prisoners in Sing Sing was 1800. Of this number but twenty-six claimed to have either an academic or college education. When it is taken into consideration that in all probability more than half of this number had only an academic education, Evangelist Mercer's seventy-five per cent falls down almost to zero. A view into the statistics of everyday life will quickly reduce such a statement as that made before the students of Northwestern to a mere absurdity. If we separate the men of this country into groups, how many college men will we find? With the exception of the university clubs, advanced scientific societies and the teaching bodies of our universities, not twenty-five per cent of our men are college-bred. Perhaps ten per cent would be a closer figure. This would apply even in our newspaper offices, where men are supporting themselves by writing. Compare these statements with those of Mr. Mercer who has had the effrontery to say that out of 1500 prisoners at Sing Sing, seventy-five per cent have been educated in institutions of higher learning. And again, granting that there is a possibility that college men have a tendency to crime, it would appear on the face of the matter that Mr. Mercer has chosen a poor prison from which to draw his statistics. Sing Sing is the prison to which New York City sends its most hardened criminals. Does an examination of the New York police records show that any considerable number of these have the ear-marks of the college man? Surely, the joke is on Evangelist Mercer, and every college man is entitled to at least a smile.

—In a recent address at Augusta, Ga., the President-elect, Wm. H. Taft, declared that "the supreme test of our civilization is to come in the present and two succeeding decades, in the form of the survival or destruction of private property." If the views of Mr. Taft are held by others of the great party which he carried into power, it is not too much to expect that the new

Congress and the new President will avoid the quarrelling which at present appears to divert the attention of the legislative body from important concerns of state, and devote themselves to an earnest consideration of such measures as are calculated to reform industrial abuses, to regulate great organizations of wealth and destroy existing monopolies. For years the middle class has gradually grown smaller—a manifest danger. Discontent with existing conditions is widespread. Its tendency is to increase. When Mr. Roosevelt went into office he recognized the danger of Socialism, and has consistently advocated so-called radical legislation, in the belief that the growth of Socialism could be effectively checked only by removing the occasions for discontent. The words of Mr. Taft would seem to indicate that he takes a similar view of these dangers. If he acts upon this conviction it is to be hoped that he will have greater co-operation from Congress than his predecessor.

—In these days of organized labor and powerful trade unions, much evil can be worked to the industries of our nation by methods which have been declared unlawful in American courts. Boycotts and "secondary" strikes, as they are known, are prominent among the unlawful means used by labor federations for the attainment of their object. The unfair list has been declared contrary to law, yet it has been used as a means of coercion even after the decision of the court. In England, a large ship-building concern being seriously hampered by the strikes of its employees, the head of the concern offered them a co-partnership in the business, selling each man some stock, yielding 4% annually, and giving each stockholder a share of the profits over 5%. A council, composed equally of representatives of the employees and of the firm, was to act at the same time as a court of reference and committee of counsel, thus constituting a board of arbitration in case of any friction between the parties. This scheme was accepted experimentally for a year by the employees, and if successful should be made a basis for the adjustment of difficulties between Labor and Capital.

—The recent celebration of the Feast of the Holy Name has brought strikingly before our attention the wonderful strides made by the Society of that Feast of the Name during the past few Holy Name. years. From far and near come innumerable voices sounded in acclamation of that most sacred of all names. What an inspiring sight it must have been to see thousands of Catholic young men marching beneath the banners of the Holy Name Society on a recent occasion in the East. At this day and age of the world when socialistic extremists, atheists and anti-clerical declaimers abroad, scoff at the Name of our Saviour and strive to banish and to blot it from the memory of men, it is indeed comforting to have it so honored in our country. Yet, notwithstanding these cheering signs, there is still need for much improvement in this regard among us. Every Catholic college man whether he be a member of the Society or not, should always and unmistakably discountenance the use of the Holy Name in an irreverent manner. In our daily round of life there is still much thoughtless irreverence in the use of this most sacred Name. And thoughtlessness does not exempt from culpability. We are in conscience bound to eradicate this evil from our daily conversation; and no quantity or quality of sermon will have the desired effect unless there be in each individual the elements of holy reverence which all true believers in Christianity should possess.

Obituary.

The sudden death of John C. Keys, Jr., in Pittsburg last week weighted a happy family with sorrowing distress. To give their son and brother resignedly to the ravages of pneumonia, when life's panorama lay before him in its happiest colors, when the joy of living surged strongest through his body, when a career held its treasures still hidden for him to seek, requires lofty sacrifice, and in this hour of grief the students, particularly the Freshman class, offer to the father and mother, to Albert and Arthur Keys of Brownson and to their brother, Victor, of St. Edward's, their earnest sympathy and sincere prayers. *R. I. P.*

Mr. Ward's Lecture.

Notre Dame students have been favored from time to time with lectures by men who excel in their special lines of endeavor. Artists and poets, littérateurs and humorists, statesmen and politicians, have all been heard upon the local platform. The student body has always lent an attentive ear to the messages delivered by these men, but it is safe to say that none has ever met with a more favorable reception than that accorded Mr. Frederick Ward on last Monday afternoon. This speaker is not an extremist along any line of thought. He is not endeavoring to propagate any new movement, nor is he individualized by any eccentricity. He is an actor, a survivor of the old school, a sound scholar, and a man who knows the text of Shakespeare to such an extent that he is recognized as an authority.

During his long experience as an actor, Mr. Ward has devoted his talents exclusively to classical works. He has, to use the words of Dr. Edward Everett Hale, "helped to effect the reconciliation between literature and the stage, which were long since divorced by the melodramatists." He has interpreted the greatest works of the master-writers, and through his deep insight into the mysterious, underlying and almost hidden meanings of the various authors he has won for himself the laurel of the great actor. When it is taken into consideration what a real actor can do to raise the stage to its proper place as an educational factor, and how very few actors of this and past centuries have been truly great, it will be better appreciated how much we owe to Mr. Ward and the other men of his calibre.

His lecture on "Julius Cæsar" was a happy choice, every school-boy being more or less familiar with the text of this great tragedy. The personality of the actor is a valuable asset. His face is pleasant, his manner easy and his gestures graceful. Mr. Ward was educated at a time when Delsarte and elocution were considered of far more importance than they are to-day. Added interest was also given to the lecture by the skill of the actor, who, when reading the speeches of the play, completely lost his own individuality in that of the characters

whose part he read. Mr. Ward is remarkably flexible in voice, bearing and facial expression. He was Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius or Antony at will, and in one brief scene he essayed in the best manner the part of the disgruntled Casca.

It was as Antony, however, that he did the best bit of interpretation. There are many who can not reconcile themselves to his view of the character, and who offer excellent reasons for the stand they take, yet all must grant that Mr. Ward's conception of the part is masterly and not without real foundation. He does not consider Antony as a hero—a man to be greatly admired, but rather as a shrewd politician. This view of the character may lend itself to criticism; it may shatter many ideals, but when it is supported by strong acting it becomes so delightfully human that it must make an appeal. Whether Antony's address at the funeral of Cæsar is an "oration" or not is a matter for private judgment. Be that as it may, it was carefully designed. It accomplished its purpose by its dramatic appeal to the impressionable sensibilities of the Roman populace.

In every act of the tragedy, Mr. Ward finds a lesson, and these lessons he brings forth in a direct manner. "Poor Brutus stopped to listen to a tale-bearer, and his mind was poisoned. Had he sealed his ears to the words of the tempter, perhaps Cæsar would have lived and Brutus, with his great genius, might have become one of the noblest characters of the world's history. As it is, his name is handed down as an arch-conspirator—a foul murderer."

It is well for the student to hear and meet men like Mr. Ward. He is an ornament to the stage and his hearers will gain an increased respect for the actor's profession. They will learn that the stage is an institution the ultimate end of which is the education of the public rather than the mere provider of a passing hour of amusement.

P. R. M.

Lecture by Norman Hackett.

Mr. Norman Hackett, a well-known actor, lectured before the student body at Washington Hall on Thursday afternoon. Mr. Hackett has appeared at Notre Dame before and returned as an old friend. His

lecture was informal and of general interest, making an appeal to every grade of student. He is a master in word-painting, and his description of life in the National Military Academy at West Point was very interesting. He told about the discipline of the school, the pursuits of the students and of some of the things its graduates have accomplished.

Then he turned to the old yet ever new topic of Shakespeare and his plays. A recent visit to Stratford-on-Avon has given him a fund of entertaining matter concerning the place of Shakespeare's birth. The influences that have left their mark on the writings of the dramatist were brought forcibly to mind and were treated in a new and original way. The plays themselves were spoken of to give the young student confidence in his powers of appreciation rather than to bring out any new phase of critical comment. Mr. Hackett considers Shakespeare as an entertainer rather than as a mere source of critical dissension. He read a number of passages that show how unmistakably the author has outlined the interpretation of various characters. The use of pure English also came in for its share of the discussion, and to judge from Mr. Hackett's own diction and enunciation it is easily seen that he has a right to speak on that subject.

Athletic Notes.

BASKET-BALL.

Last Saturday evening the Notre Dame rooters saw the Varsity humble one of the strongest and fastest basket-ball teams in the West, when she defeated the great five from the Central Y. M. C. A. of Chicago. 25-8 tells the tale, but it does not tell how hard the Gold and Blue had to work to turn the trick. It was a toss-up as to who would win out until the last part of the second half when the terrific pace set by the locals began to tell on the visitors, and in the last five minutes of play the Varsity scored almost at will. Vaughan who was opposed by Lange, the famous Central giant, was easily the star, scoring seven field goals. Maloney played his usual brilliant game around the basket. Sugarman

and Scanlon broke up play after play before the Centrals could get started. Freeze played an exceptionally good game at guard and was always on hand to spoil a chance at goal.

Line-Up		Central Y. M. C. A
Notre Dame		
Sugarman, Fish	R. F.	Munro
Maloney	L. F.	Rinz
Vaughan	C.	Lange, Parker
Freeze	R. G.	Hartman
Scanlon	L. G.	Immenhausen

Field Goals—Vaughan, 7; Maloney, 1; Sugarman, 1; Freeze, 1; Munro, 1. Foul Goals—Maloney, 5; Lange, 6. Time of halves—20 minutes; Referee—Stolz. Umpire—Barrett.

*
* *

BASEBALL.

John McKee of Chicago was elected captain of the Varsity nine Friday evening. For two years Jack has filled the centre-field position, and to say that he is one of the best outfielders that the Gold and Blue ever had is not saying too much. He



CAPTAIN MCKEE.

is a player that makes the best of everything, and is especially strong on base running. His ability to bat either right or left-handed has proven him an enigma to most pitchers. His thorough knowledge of the

game should make him a good leader for the coming season.

*
* *

Between fifty and sixty aspirants for the honors of the diamond responded to Coach Curtis' call for baseball candidates. On account of the size of the squad, the men were divided into two sections, one reporting one day and the other the following. But on Monday the "weeding" process took place, and now thirty-three players form the bunch who take their daily work-out in the "gym." Of last year's Varsity F. Scanlon, Ryan, Phillips, pitchers; R. Scanlon, McDonough, catchers; Daniels, first base; Ruel, shortstop; Bonham, McKee, outfielders, are back in school. The others that remain in the squad are: A Scanlon, Attley, Burke, Sommers and McBride, pitchers; Ulatowski and Collins, catchers; L. Kelly, Gibson, Fish, Hogan, Hamilton, Herman and Fralick, 2d base; Connelly, Maloney, Kelly, Mehlen, Ferrell, McGrath, Pick, Smalski, Wilson, Maloney, third base and shortstop.

Not until after the squad has been further weeded out will real good hard work be done. With the vacancies at second and third to be filled there will be some excellent strife for these positions. Daniels will doubtless succeed himself at first. Ruel will continue to perform wonders at short, "Dreams" Scanlon will be depended upon to deliver the goods, with "Dike" Scanlon and McDonough at the receiving end. Bonham and McKee will in all probability work out in the gardens at left and centre. It is too early in the season to venture any predictions concerning the new candidates. Suffice it to say that the timber is plentiful and looks good. The very best will be done to develop a team which may equal or excel the phenomenal aggregation of last year.

*
* *

TRACK.

Coach Maris is slowly rounding his bunch of cinder-path men into shape. About twenty-five candidates have reported so far. Of last year's monogram men, Capt. Schmitt for quarter mile and hurdles; Moriarty for hurdles and pole vault; Dana for mile and two miles; McDonough, for high and broad jumps and, Roth for broad jump, have made their appearance. Devine, half-mile and O'Leary, quarter-mile,

are expected out soon. Among the new men, all of whom show "form," are: Dimmick, Philbrook, Sullivan for shot-put; Fletcher for sprinter, hurdler and high jumper; Wasson for sprinter and broad jumper; Arnold Baer, Balensiefer, Mathews, Hamilton for quarter milers; Ben Oliel, Stiers, Gunster, Duppe, Scholl, Dean, Foley for distances. In order that each man may be given particular attention, Captain Schmitt was given charge of the quarter-mile feature; Fletcher, the hurdles and high jumps; Moriarty, pole vault; Dana, distance; Wasson, broad jump; Philbrook, weights.

For the first time in years Notre Dame will send a full team into the First Regiment Handicap in Chicago. If given any sort of liberal handicaps at all, the Gold and Blue stand a very likely chance of winning the big indoor event. Coach Maris has entered the following team: 40-yard dash, Wasson, Fletcher, Schmitt; 40-yard hurdles, Fletcher, Moriarty, Schmitt; mile run, Stiers; two-miles, Ben Oliel; five miles, Graham; high jump, Philbrook, McDonough; shot-put, Philbrook, Dimmick; pole vault, Moriarty; mile relay, Wasson, Fletcher, Dana, Schmitt, Moriarty, Stiers, Ben Oliel, Arnold.

*
* *

One of the most interesting and perhaps the most important races at the First Regiment Meet in Chicago next Saturday night, will be the 1000 yards "special" in which Kinkead, the Purdue Captain, is matched to run Dana, the Notre Dame man. For the last year the track "fans" of Indiana have been at a difference as to which of the two runners is the better. As they are undoubtedly the two fastest distance men in the State, the race should not only be the best, but also the most closely contested of the evening's program.

Yund will soon try his hand at the shot-put. He is the heaviest member of the wrestling class, and should make a strong bid for honors in that event.

Connelly shows "some form" in the high jump, and it looks as though he will keep Fletcher and McDonough busy to hold their own.

Duppe seems to possess the requisites of a coming half-miler, and will most likely be Devine's running mate this year.

GYMNASIUM.

One of the noteworthy changes that has taken place around the big Gymnasium is the growing popularity of the apparatus room. At almost any recreation hour some one can be found in the well-fitted apartment. Director Maris has organized classes in both wrestling and boxing, the former meeting every Tuesday evening at 8:00, the latter on Thursdays at 4:30. At the close of the course a series of contests will be held to decide the championship in the various classes. The classes will be arranged according to weight. Prizes will be given for first, second and third.

*
* *

A big sixteen-foot mat, which will be used entirely for wrestling, arrived this week and was placed in the apparatus room.

*
* *

An informal class in gymnastics and calisthenics is called every afternoon from 3:00 to 4:30. This is not compulsory and is open to all.

J. H. R.

In the College World.

Track-team prospects are bright at Purdue this year, and a winning team is expected.

*
* *

The registration at Indiana for the winter term is 1320, De Pauw's winter enrollment is 900.

*
* *

Mayor McClellan of New York, Princeton '89, will lecture on public affairs at his *Alma Mater* in the spring.

*
* *

Professor Graham Taylor, the noted sociologist, has delivered a series of lectures at the University of Illinois on "Civic Renaissance" and kindred subjects.

*
* *

A rifle club has been organized at Columbia University, and a call has been issued for candidates for the Varsity team. It is also proposed to organize a Freshman team.

*
* *

At the University of Chicago a mock "United States Senate" is being organized, with ninety two members. The rules of the

"real Senate sublime" will be used. The object is to create interest in political questions and give experience in legislative methods.

* *

The Ancient Order of Hibernians has already founded eight scholarships at the Catholic University of America and it is expected that before the end of the school year the number will reach twenty-five.

* *

Abbott Lawrence Lowell, Harvard professor, author and lawyer, has been elected to succeed Charles W. Eliot as President of Harvard. He is a relative of Lowell, the poet, and has occupied the chair of "The Science of Government" in that institution since 1900.

* *

Northwestern University defeated the University of Chicago in debate on Jan. 15. The decision of the judges was unanimous. The subject of debate was "Resolved, That bank notes secured by commercial paper, are preferable to those secured by bonds." A week earlier Pennsylvania defeated Columbia University.

* *

The Italian historian, Signor Gaglielmo Ferrero, is at present visiting America and studying American institutions. He has delivered a series of lectures on "Roman History" at Columbia University. From Columbia he will go to the University of Chicago to deliver the same series of lectures.

O. A. S.

Personals.

—Claude Sack, after an enforced absence of a year and a half on account of rheumatism, has returned to Brownson Hall. He spent part of his time while away in Mexico.

—A bright spot in the week was the visit of Gratton Stanford (Ph. B., 1904). Gratton is the same bright, wholesome, genial fellow he was of old. Gratton is practising law in Independence, Kansas.

—Arthur B. Eustace, M. D. (student '02-3), announces that he has opened offices for the practice of medicine and surgery at rooms 6 and 7, 4647 Halsted Street, and in Suite 1210 State Street, Chicago.

—Hon. Albert J. Galen (Law '96), Attorney General of Montana, has favored the Law Department with a copy of his last report. In appearance, contents and arrangement it is unexcelled among law publications of like kind. Mr. Galen is one of the most prominent and promising young men of his age in the country.

Local Items.

—Prof. Schildkret's Hungarian Orchestra appeared in Washington Hall last Wednesday afternoon. The organization rendered an entertaining program.

—The Brownson Literary and Debating Society held its first meeting of this year on Thursday evening, Jan. 14. The subject for debate was, "Resolved, That passing marks in any subject be determined by class standing." Messrs. W. Burke and S. Bennett spoke on the affirmative, while Messrs. C. Curran and B. Gird upheld the negative. The decision was 2 to 1 in favor of the negative. During the evening the members of the society were entertained with several good recitations. M. J. Heyl rendered "The Bridge," M. Clinton "The Irish Emigrant" and A. O'Connor "The Open Window." After a pleasing address by the critic a short business session was held. A. O'Connor was appointed temporary sergeant-at-arms and new names were proposed for membership.

—To go or not to go, that's the question which is agitating the minds of numerous Sorinites ever since it was first rumored that lack of room would necessitate the removal of some of them to rooms down town. Seven new men moved into Sorin during the past week and almost an equal number moved to the city. Several more men, anxious to try the outside life, are anxiously waiting word from home telling them that they may move. It is said that the exodus of a man is the signal for a general scramble, especially if he vacates a choice room. Those whose rooms are less desirable make a rush for the vacant room, the first man there draws the prize—sometimes. The Rev. Rector of Sorin says that if the rush continues he will have to put things on a more systematic basis.

—Last Sunday evening a sturdy band of twelve, the cream of what the Hawkeye State deems her best (if that be any recommendation) met in solemn conclave for the purpose of launching the Iowa club upon its third season of prosperous activities. As soon as all the members had been corraled, the meeting was called to order with Mr. Coffey, the rising young man from Greenfield, in the chair, and the election of officers commenced. Mr. Coffey himself was honored with the presidency, but only after he had vowed uniformly good behavior, so that club permissions might not be endangered. Keefe, of Sioux City, a close second to Coffey, was condemned to the vice-presidency. *Verbum sat sapientia* they say, and Keefe is brother of Jim, of various sorts of fame. Gates of Green (what's in a name?) will handle the case, but the privilege was gained only after a sharp argument with O'Connor.